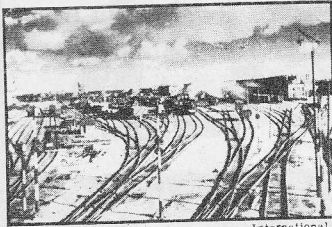


LETTERS



Amsterdam railway yards—prewar

Holland's Problem

For the last two months I have been living in the heart of Holland and the situation here is far from sound. Cigarettes are the currency and worth about 50 cents. Even at black-list prices practically no clothing or anything else can be bought, as the country is looted beyond imagination.

On our railways the Germans have removed the overhead wires of our electrified lines; 46 of the 75 rectifier stations are empty; 80 per cent of the electrified stock has disappeared—and all this is for 1,500-volt DC which is not used in Germany. Our central workshops have been emptied of all machine tools, small tools, and so on. On the surface Holland looks almost undamaged, but economically we will have to rebuild our industry under very difficult circumstances.

The return of looted stocks from Germany is almost impossible. The Allied authorities need the stuff for the rehabilitation of Germany and they feel not too much inclined to send our property back just because it was ours.

OFFICER'S NAME WITHHELD
Royal Netherlands Army

Holland

Tokyo—By Mistake

The following is a letter from a combat photographer, one of the three GI's who entered Tokyo by mistake, thus becoming the first American soldiers to enter the city (NEWSWEEK, Sept. 10):

I left Okinawa by plane for Japan on Aug. 30 and landed the same day at Atsugi airfield near Yokohama. The Japanese were supposed to have transportation for us at the airfield, as our jeeps weren't being flown in for two more days. Actually we had to try about ten cars until we finally found a broken-down 1937 Dodge that would run. We piled our equipment into it and started for Yokohama, about 15 miles away.

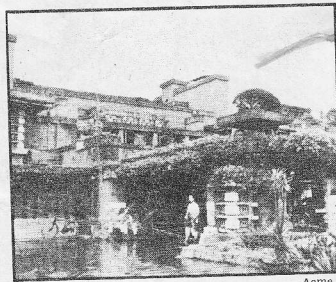
Well, we started out four times and came back three times to have the car fixed. At one time we had about twenty Jap soldiers pushing the car—it sure was a funny feeling to have them helping us, instead of shooting at us. By the time we got started, for the fourth time, it was almost dark, so we decided to follow a bus that was going to Yokohama, but the car broke down again. We fixed it and started off again behind a

civilian car full of war correspondents who, we thought, must be going to Yokohama.

We followed them for about an hour and then decided they weren't going to Yokohama, which was only 15 miles from Atsugi airfield, so we pulled up alongside and found they were going to Tokyo, and that, in fact, we were in Tokyo.

They went on and we stayed where we were (the car had broken down again). There we sat in the middle of a street in Tokyo with the nearest American troops about 20 miles away in Yokohama. The correspondents had said they were going to the Imperial Hotel so we wanted to go there too. But we didn't know where it was. Finally we decided to ask a Japanese policeman who had a little booth on the corner. When the three of us walked in on him, I thought he would jump out the window, he was so scared. So was I!

We eventually calmed him down by waving a sign saying: "Official U. S. Army Photographer" in Japanese, which we had been given before leaving Manila. He was no help though; he couldn't speak English. At last, we went out and came back with four Jap civilians who could speak a little English but who were stewed to the gills. They were no



Servicemen gape at the Imperial Hotel

help because they were too drunk to know where they were themselves. Then a big brand-new Buick came up with six well-dressed Japs who could speak English and they volunteered to guide us to the Imperial Hotel.

As soon as we started our car to follow them, we got a flat tire, but we kept on going anyway with the four drunks and the policeman. After a while the tire was cut to ribbons and fell off, so we stopped again, right in front of a couple of large apartment houses. Everybody got out and the policeman disappeared. On top of that the drunks got noisy and people began to look out of the windows. All of a sudden we were in the middle of a bunch of Japs in their underwear, all in very good humor and all very much interested in helping us, with people hollering advice out of the windows. Mind you, all this at 11 o'clock at night in the middle of Tokyo.

At last the policeman came back with a big grin on his face and a new tire for the car. We got things fixed up OK and went on to the hotel where we found the correspondents just leaving. We couldn't leave—the car quit again! So we checked into the

hotel with the help of an Englishman who is a Jap citizen.

The result of the whole mess was that we were the first Americans to spend the night in Tokyo, and we spent it in the finest hotel in the city. All this, three days before the surrender and eight days before the occupation of Tokyo. We stayed there four days, taking pictures and having a swell time sleeping in real beds and being served in a beautiful dining room, although the food was very poor. At the end of three days we went back to Yokohama and our entire stay at the hotel was paid for by the Japanese Government.

CPL. EUGENE H. HAAS

Japan

Responsibility Begins . . .

What self-satisfied, insufferable complacency is reflected in the letter of a "Mother of a Soldier in Germany" who blames Army indoctrination officers because her son doesn't know what he fought for. Army indoctrination officers can hardly be expected to accomplish in a matter of months what parents have failed to do in a lifetime. Let's quit trying to shift responsibility, madam.

A MARINE

San Francisco, Calif.

Pan American Drive

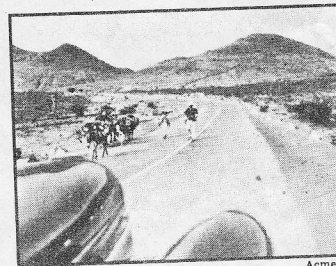
We read with interest the heroic story of the seven men who are riding the Pan American Highway from Buenos Aires to New York (NEWSWEEK, Sept. 24). They must be brave men and hard because it is a very difficult trip and one that cannot be recommended to the average driver.

We know it is a difficult trip because on Aug. 24, 1945, my wife, our four daughters (4, 10, 11, and 13), and a friend drove the same road. We left Henry, Ill., Dec. 21, 1944, in an International station wagon and drove 7,900 miles of the 9,200 of the Pan American Highway, covering all of the road in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, and Uruguay. This was done with no near accidents, no landslides, and no falling off rafts. We had no expert drivers—Mrs. Powell and I did the driving and the mechanical work.

We have proved it can be a "family affair."

WILBUR F. POWELL,
Interim Pastor

Emmanuel Methodist Church
Montevideo, Uruguay



An easy stretch on the Highway

This article gave me the
idea to make the trip